

A detailed illustration of a zombie's face, showing signs of decay and blood. A gloved hand holds a scalpel, poised to cut the zombie's forehead. The zombie's eyes are glowing orange, and its mouth is slightly open, revealing teeth. The background is dark and moody, with a bright light source creating a strong highlight on the left side of the face.

GEORGE A. ROMERO

EMPIRE OF THE DEAD

ACT THREE

ILLUSTRATED BY
ANDREA MUTTI

#1

MARVEL

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

A MESSAGE FOR THE COMMITTEE TO RE-ELECT MAYOR CHANDRAKE

AS YOU ALL KNOW, IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS SINCE THE UNDEAD MENACE FIRST BEGAN TERRORIZING THE WORLD. UNDER MAYOR CHANDRAKE'S LEADERSHIP, NEW YORK CITY HAS BECOME A FORTRESS OF ISOLATION AGAINST THE UNDEAD PLAGUE.

CHANDRAKE'S GUIDANCE HAS KEPT US SAFE AND ALLOWED US, NEW YORK'S SECRET CABAL OF VAMPIRES, TO RETAIN OUR POWER AND CONTROL. HE'S EVEN INVESTING IN FINDING A WAY TO "TAME" THE UNDEAD THROUGH HIS SPONSORSHIP OF SCIENTIST **PENNY JONES** AND HER PRIZE ZOMBIE SUBJECT, **XAVIER**. UNFORTUNATELY, THE PROJECT HIT A MAJOR SETBACK WHEN XAVIER WAS SHOT WHILE INTERFERING WITH ONE OF OUR MEN COLLECTING A STREET URCHIN NAMED **JO** FOR OUR...RELOCATION PROGRAM.

DESPITE ALL HE'S DONE FOR US, THERE ARE THOSE WHO WISH TO SEE HIS REIGN END. **CHILLY DOBBS**, ONCE ONE OF US, IS NOW RUNNING AN OPPOSITION CAMPAIGN. HE'S BEING BANKROLLED BY **RUNYON**, WHO IS CONSORTING WITH KNOWN REBELS AND INSTIGATORS WHO WISH TO TAKE OUR BELOVED CITY FOR THEMSELVES.

ADDITIONALLY, AN INVESTIGATOR NAMED **PEREZ**, ALONG WITH ZOMBIE WRANGLER **PAUL BARNUM**, HAS BEEN GETTING CLOSE TO DISCOVERING SOME OF OUR MORE...UNDER THE TABLE OPERATIONS.

KEEP NEW YORK SAFE. KEEP NEW YORK **OURS**. SPREAD THE WORD AND VOTE CHANDRAKE!



THE COMMITTEE TO RE-ELECT MAYOR CHANDRAKE MEMBERS:

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RAIN BEREDO COLOR ARTIST **VC'S CORY PETIT** LETTERER
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COLUMBIA HOSPITAL I.C.U.



BULLET ENTERED HER RIGHT CHEEK, EXITED THE BACK OF HER NECK. BRAIN WASN'T AFFECTED. I THINK SHE CAN SURVIVE THIS.

SURVIVE? BUT, DR. JONES, SHE'S ALREADY DEAD! A WALKING CORPSE!

A VERY SPECIAL WALKING CORPSE.

PENNY, I'M GETTIN' A SPIKE...

B.P. UP TO... NOWHERE NEAR NORMAL, BUT... WHAT'S NORMAL FOR A DEAD PERSON?

THERE ARE NO REAL SIGNS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

GGNNOOOH.

BOY, SHE'S REALLY HANGING ONTO THAT BAG.

IT WAS GIVEN TO HER BY SOMEONE SHE CARED FOR VERY MUCH...



IF THAT'S
NOT A SIGN OF
CONSCIOUSNESS
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT IS!



STILL, I
DON'T KNOW IF
WE SHOULD BE
TAKING MEASURES
TO KEEP SOMEBODY
ALIVE WHO'S
ALREADY DEAD!



I TOLD
YOU...THIS
DEAD PERSON
IS VERY
SPECIAL!

THAT
MAY BE,
DR. JONES,
BUT--



NO
ARGUMENTS! I
HAVE THE MAYOR'S
AUTHORITY TO DO
WHATEVER I FEEL
IS NECESSARY
HERE.



JUST OFF THE NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE.

WE'RE
STUCK HERE,
CHIEF.

ALL THAT
RAIN, HEAVY
VEHICLES UP TO
THEIR AXLES.
GONNA TAKE TILL
TOMORROW TO
DIG 'EM OUT.



TARFYTOWN.

OKAY,
DANIEL, OVER
AND OUT.

TOMORROW!
I'M SUPPOSED TA SIT
HERE FOR TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS WITH A
HUNDRED-FOOT BALLOON
MARKIN' ME AS A
TARGET!

NOBODY'S
GONNA TARGET US.
LIKE Y'ALL SAID,
EVERBODY FIGGERS US
FER SOME FOOTBALL
PROMO. I MEAN,
LOOKIE THERE

NEVER
LOOKED AT
US TWICE, AND
THEM'S THE
POLICE!



GUESS WE'RE
TOO DAMN BIG
T'OBVIOUS FER
ANYBODY TA
NOTICE US.



UPSTATE NEW YORK.

WHAT'S
THAT UP
AHEAD?

I
DON'T SEE
NOTHIN'.

LOOKS
LIKE...STADIUM
LIGHTS.

THERE'S NO
STADIUMS UP NORTH
HERE. SHUT OFF YOUR
HEADLAMPS, MURPHY.

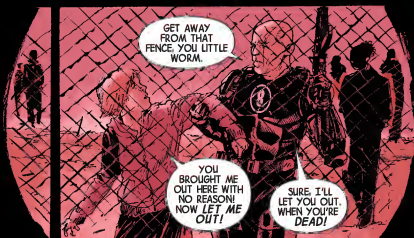
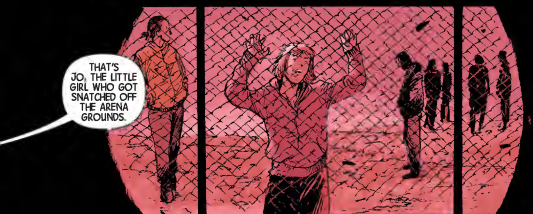
LET'S GO
TAKE A LOOK
OVER THAT
HILL.

GEEZ-
OH-MAN...WHAT
IS THAT?

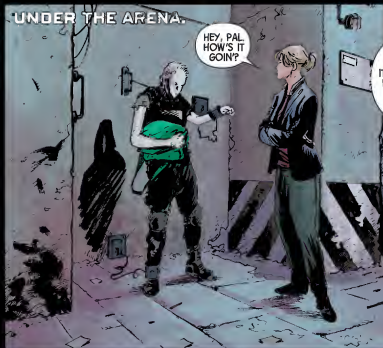
IT'S ONE
O' THEM
VEGETABLE FARMS
THE CITY RUNS.

**GOVERNMENT
FARMLAND
NO TRESPASSING
BY ORDER OF
THE NYPD**









HEY, PAL
HOW'S IT
GOIN'?

DON'T
YOU WANT
TO SIT DOWN?
IT MUST BE PRETTY
UNCOMFORTABLE
STANDING THERE
I MEAN...SINCE
YESTERDAY.



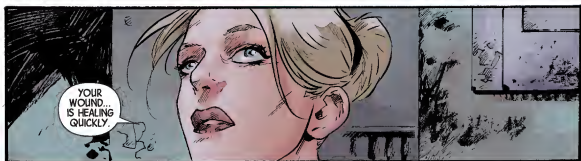
WHERE'S JO?
E FRIEND.
YHODAA JO.



AT LEAST
LET ME TAKE
THAT BAG...



GROOOHHH!



CHANDRAKE'S APARTMENT.

BING

AH! PERHAPS
LILITH HAS
COME HOME.



DARLING...
WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN?

OUT.

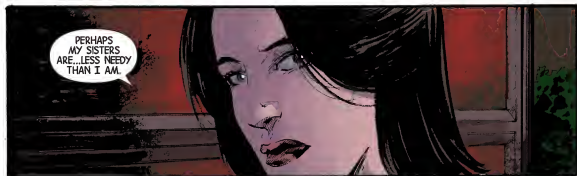


OBVIOUSLY,
BUT...WHERE?



BUTTERCUP'S.







MIDTOWN WEST.

ZEB
STILL AIN'T
ANSWERIN'.

MIGHT BE
TUCKED IN
WHERE THERE
AIN'T NO CELL
PHONE SERVICE.

MEBBE,
WE OUGHTA
GET BACK
INSIDE.

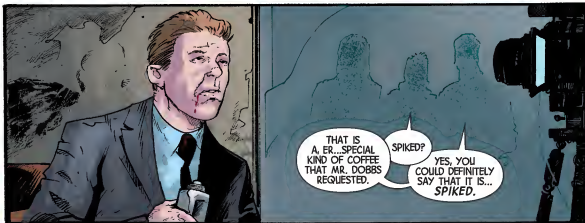
OF COURSE
I'M HOPING TO
GET YOUR VOTES,
BUT MORE IMPORTANT...
I WANT YOU TO
START THINKING
DIFFERENTLY!

"THINK DIFFERENT."
HE SAYS. WHEN HE
SHOULD BE SAYIN' "IF YOU
DO NOT THINK DIFFERENT,
I WILL FIND YOU AND
SQUEEZE YOUR HEAD UNTIL
YOU DO THINK
DIFFERENT."

THE WAY YOU
JUST SAID THAT,
BOSS, IS THE WAY
I WOULD'VE SAID IT.

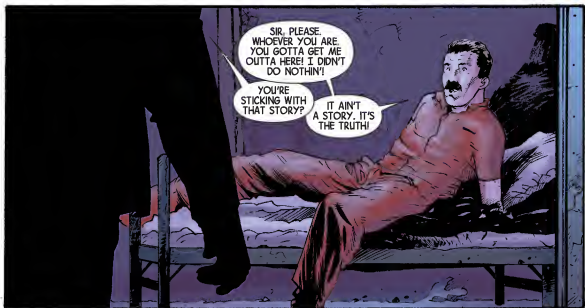
S'MATTER,
SUNSHINE?
YER BOY LETTIN'
YOU DOWN?

IN THE
END, EVERYBODY
LETS YOU DOWN.
DO YOU NOT FIND
THAT TO BE THE
FACTUAL CASE?





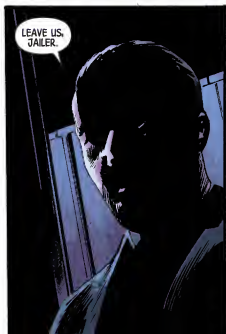
YOU
GOT A
VISITOR.



SIR, PLEASE.
WHOEVER YOU ARE,
YOU GOTTA GET ME
OUTTA HERE! I DIDN'T
DO NOthin'!

YOU'RE
STICKING WITH
THAT STORY?

IT AIN'T
A STORY, IT'S
THE TRUTH!



LEAVE US,
JAILER.



SHALL I
CLOSE YOU
IN WITH HIM,
SIR?

YOU CAN
LEAVE THE
DOOR OPEN. I
DON'T THINK THIS
GENTLEMAN WILL
TRY TO ESCAPE.



THE, ER...
"TRUTH," SIR, IS
THAT YOU WERE
BROADCASTING A
MESSAGE WHICH
COULD ONLY BE
CHARACTERIZED
AS TREASON.



TREASON...



...AGAINST
ME.



S-SIR, I-I
MEAN...MISTER
MAYOR...I DIDN'T
KNOW IT WAS YOU,
SIR. I DIDN'T
RECOGNIZE—

APPARENTLY
YOU DIDN'T
RECOGNIZE A
NUMBER OF
THINGS...



...SUCH AS
THE FACT THAT
TREASON IS
PUNISHABLE...BY
DEATH.









